

ON THE
Honourable Board
OF
COMMISSIONERS

OF
Her Majesty's Custom-House,
L O N D O N;

In the YEAR of PEACE, 1713.

*Beatam
Confluet ad Thamisis Ripam, & ditabit Arenas,
Quicquid Terra boni quævis alit; Hæc dabit Aurum,
Hæc pictas Vestes, Hæc Bacchi Munera, quicquid
Aut profert Tellus, aut inter Viscera condit.*

Gratulat. Academ. Cantab. de Pace.

By Mr. H. CRISPE of the Custom-House, London. K.

L O N D O N:

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COMMISSIONERS

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Her Majesty's Customs-House

W O N O M

In the Year of Peace. 1713.

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By Mr. H. C. 1897 of the Customs-House, London.

МОДЕЛИ

Printed for J. Johnson near Stationers Hall M.DCCXIII.

Price Four Pence.

ON THE
Honourable Board of Commissioners of
Her Majesty's Custom-House; *London.*

In the YEAR of PEACE, 1713.

CAN there within *these* Walls pretend to dwell
A MUSE, and not her PATRON's Praises tell?
Do *They* want Merit? or is *she* unfit
To sing it, *artless*, and *devoid* of Wit?
Oh, *Theirs* is *sacred* ev'ry Honour'd Name,
Hers only is the *Weakness*, *hers* the *Shame*,
She takes it to *herself*, and does confess
Her *highest* Praises than their Merits *less*;
She *dreads* th' Attempt, and *sinks* beneath the Weight,
Her *Strength* so slender, and their *Worth* so great:
Yet *Duty* prompts howe'er *unequal* Thoughts,
And *Candor* will o'erlook *respectful* Faults;
Hence *Courage* she, and *modest* Hope conceives;
PHŒBUS his Aid, and *some* Assurance gives.

THE Gods (as Bards of *ancient* Fame recite)
Did in *unequal* Numbers most delight;
The GRACES *Three*; they with *Five* Girdles bound
The Skies: *Sev'n* STARS the *Northern* Pole surround;
And that their Praise in *lasting* Verse might shine,
They made the MUSES tuneful Number *Nine*.
No *Wonder* ANNE (to *whom* she is alli'd)
With Numbers that best pleas'd the Gods compli'd,
And drew her *Scheme*, as her *Descent*, from *Heav'n*,
Appointing *here* the *mystick* Number *Sev'n*.

But whate'er *Motive* to that Choice might be,
 Whether inspir'd by some *Divinity*
 A kindly Guide ; or the *Auspicious* QUEEN
Sagacious chose ; the great *Effects* are seen.
Sev'n Prelates fav'd the *Church* when late betray'd,
 And here *Sev'n* Guardians now support our *Trade*.
 JOHN the *Divine* in Revelation clear
 Beheld *sev'n Stars* ; those *Stars* *sev'n Angels* were ;
Angels transact like *Men* in *Outward* Shew,
 We only know them by the *Good* they do ;
 'Tis thus *true* Miracles are understood
 From *false* ; the Ends *These* serve are only *Good* :
 If We may argue from the *Good* We see,
 In *Human* Shape *Sev'n Angels* here may be.

OF these GODOLPHIN *first* in Order stands ;
Joynt are their Pow'rs, and equal their Commands,
 The Regimen admits *alternate* Sway,
 By Turns they all *preside*, by Turns *obey* ;
 No *private* Views, or Int'rests here prevail,
 Not *Justice* self is more *impartial*.
Him from his Principles no *Arts* cou'd move,
 His *Faith* unshook by his *Fraternal* Love.

GREAT Years in *venerable* WERDEN shew
 A *hoary* Vigour, and a *Warmth* in Snow ;
 His *sprightly* Blood feels no *benumbing* Chill,
Quick is his Sense, and *masterly* his Skill ;
 Without old * *ÆSON's* Fate *his* Youth renews ;
 Himself the *same*, the very *same* He views
 Twice Twenty Summers past beheld him, *bright*,
 And shining *still* with no *abated* Light.
 This is the Man whom *aged* Worth prefers,
 And ANNA stiles *peculiarly* HERS.

THOU

* Old *Æson* the Father of *Jason* was made Young by the Charms ; and Magick Arts of *Medea*. Ov. Lib. 7. Fab. 2.

THOU too to ANNA'S *Smiles* hast *equal Claim*,
 O STANLEY, nor thy *Merit* less, nor *Fame*,
 Descended from an *ancient* Glorious Line,
 In Thee thy *great* Fore-Father's Vertues shine,
 As sure thy bright Descendents will from Thine,
 To all the *noblest* Graces near ally'd,
 Both by the *Father's*, and the *Mother's* side,
 Whether a STANLEY'S *Likeness* they shall bear,
 Or more of GRANVILLE'S *Wit*, and *Beauty* share.
 Mean while Thy *weighty* Counsels intermix,
 And in Debates the *grand* Decision fix.

NEXT PRIOR stands, the MUSE'S *best lov'd* Son,
 PARNASSUS' *Joy*, and *Pride* of HELICON,
Horatian Bard, who late in *deathless* Lays
 Sung his *Victorious* QUEEN'S, and COUNTRY'S Praise.
 Since ANNA'S pleas'd her *conquering* Sword to sheath,
 Shou'd now *her* PEACE t' *immortal* Fame bequeath,
Her PEACE, the Theme of many a *charming* Tongue,
 And yet a Theme can ne'er be *justly* sung,
 'Till *He* his Harp from the *proud* Pillar take,
 And Sounds 'till *then* unheard *melodious* make.
 'Tis *He*, who late, to *distant* Shores convey'd,
Advanc'd that PEACE, and now *promotes* our TRADE.
 'Tis *He*, who from his ALBION *still* disjoyn'd,
 And for *Her* sake in GALLIA'S Courts confin'd,
 Has left his *better* Part, his *Soul*, behind;
 And tho' He bends beneath *no* Weight of Years,
 Yet stoops, yet *thoughtful* stoops, with *loyal* Cares:
 Blest, and oppress'd at once by *various* Fates,
 At once the *Muse's* Servant, and the *State's*.

AH, *cruel* Doom; tho' *kind* Decree of Fate,
 That gave Two *precious* Lives an *equal* Date;
 One *fatal* Week dissolv'd th' *united* Pair,
 The *kindest* Husband, and a Wife so *dear*;
 They liv'd together so long *One*, they knew
 Not how in Death *it self* to be made *Two*.

Hence *pious* BRIDGE'S Grief; in *Sable* seen,
 But still his *deepest* Mourning is *within*.
 Regard, Ye Pow'rs, such *Filial* Piety,
 And be your next a *Conjugal* Decree.
 To Bliss *consummate* be the Virgin led,
 And BRIDGES blest i'th' *Partner* of his Bed.
Safe in *His* Care are Our Affairs, who bore
 Alone in *Law* their *weightiest* Cares before.

OF *different* Kind, but not *inferior* Worth,
 WILLIAMSON sends his *guardian* Genius forth,
 Inur'd to *Search*, and nicest *Scrutiny*,
 Can all the *various* Arts of *Fraud* descry,
Sagacious Wight; nor *quicker* to detect,
 Than with *impartial* Justice to correct.
Judgment in Him, and great *Experience* join'd,
 Enhanc'd the Value of an *Honest* Mind.
 In *former* Station *Faithful* found, and *Just*,
 Advanc'd by *Merit* to This *nobler* Trust;
 To *This* his *Merit* was his *only* Claim,
Fame follow'd *Merit*, and Promotion *Fame*.

WHO to *Himself* in Trade, and to his *Queen*,
 Long time an almost *equal* Friend had been,
 Sought not in all his Toils *Himself* alone,
 But wisht his *Country's* Profits with his *Own*;
 Th' *industrious* Man, in *Foreign* Commerce skill'd,
 Nor known in any *Honest* Arts to yield
 Of *British* Traffick; whom *fierce* Winds, and Seas
 Enrich, and who to ALBION conveys
 The *various* Products of *all* Nature's store,
 Wafting the *Indies* to the *British* Shore;
 Whom therefore *fair* AUGUSTA joys to see
 Advanc'd to this *high* Trust, and Dignity,
 She points her GIBBON out, and says, 'Tis *He*.

THESE

THESE ANNA did, and prudent OXFORD chuse,
 And Those they did not, nor they cou'd refuse.
 Well guided needs must be the Great Machine,
 When Each alone a fit Director's seen.

HAIL, O Auspicious SEV'N! compleat our Joy,
 To see such Conduct in so high Employ.
 New Offices erect, improve our P E A C E,
 To the World's Envy, and our Trade's Increase.
 An equal Skill to the vast Work apply;
 Vast is the Work, vast your Ability.
 No adverse Pow'rs can now obstruct our Gain,
 While ANNE asserts the Empire of the Main.
 With varying Moons the Tides may ebb, and flow,
 Your Thames's Wealth no Wane, or Ebb shall know.
 The Products of BRITANNIA's fertile Lands,
 The useful Labours of her artful Hands,
 The Surplusage of her luxuriant Soil,
 And That of her Mechanicks curious Toil,
 Redundant Wealth, a vast superfluous Share,
 And what ev'n pamper'd Luxury can spare,
 Exported hence with ev'ry ebbing Tide,
 Support of Foreign Indigence, or Pride:
 From all the Quarters of the World around,
 What e're of Useful, or that's Rare is found,
 Exotick Births; Whate're Our Earth, or Sky,
 (Howe're indulgent to our Needs) deny;
 What on their Surface those rich Soils provide,
 Or they within their secret Bowels hide,
 The labour'd Works of Nature, or of Art,
 Which Gange's Streams to Thames's Banks impart,
 With ev'ry flowing Tide Imported, all
 For your great Genius, and best Conduct call.
 These fully will employ your painful Hours,
 A Charge too great for any Hands, but Yours.
 To such a Height shall rise the just Account,
 Till Numbers scarce can reach the vast Amount.

These

These are the Fruits of ANNA'S glorious PEACE,
 And of Your OXFORD'S wisest Counsels; these
 To *All*, but to *Your selves*, give *Wealth*, and *Ease*.
 Be ever (as You are) *Sagacious*, *Just*,
Discharging your Great QUEEN'S, and OXFORD'S Trust,
 Long may *She* find the Comforts of *your* Care,
 And long may *You* Her Royal Favours share.
 Your *Own* with *nicest* Judgment (as You do)
 And with *impartial* Justice still bestow,
 On Men of *Parts*, of *Merit*, and of *Sense*;
 Though then *this* Bard can have but *small* Pretence,
 A Pleasure yet to each *ingenuous* Mind
 'Tis, in *best* Posts the *best* Deserts to find.
 This Pleasure *fair* AUGUSTA'S Sons receive,
 Both from the Posts You *hold*, and those You *give*.

NOR can the Muse without *ungen'rous* Wrong
 Conclude this (otherwise *ingrateful*) Song,
 'Till to her SANSOM in this *humble* Lay
 Her due Returns of *Gratitude* She pay;
 Of Favours *undeserv'd* record the Fame,
 And among *useful* Heroes fix his Name.
 Permit it, O ye Worthies, *here* to stand,
 Vouchsaf a Place in this *illustrious* Band.

F I N I S:

